PAUSANIAS

THE

BETRAYER

OF HIS

COUNTRY.

A

TRAGEDY,

Acted at the

Theatre Royal,

By his MAJESTIES SERVANTS.

Written by a Perſon of Quality.

LONDON:

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PAUSANIAS

TO
Anto. Henly Esq;
Of the *Grange* in *Hampshire*.

SIR,

I'M sorry for't, and beg your Pardon, like a Hangman in the Complement of his Office: but you were doom'd to fall under the Fate of your Favours to Me, and a Dedication was to light upon you, one time, or other: since the sentence was past, I thought I cou'd not execute it, with a greater justice to the trust I am engag'd in, or with more favour to you, than by bringing You upon the Stage, in the defence of a Cause, which you may so Honourably maintain: besides the present Obligation of your very good *Epilogue*, if I had been inclining to be merciful, made it impossible to Reprieve You any longer.

This Play was put into my hands by a Man of Quality; Sink, or Swim, his Fortune was not imbarkt in this bottom; secure in the Reputation of very good Sense, he built for the Experiment, upon the Model of the Antients, and according to the reformation of the *French* Stage: Here is their singleness of Action, which does not so well agree with our dispositions to variety: An Action too, that seems intended to Instruct, rather than to Please, which the greatest part of an Audience wou'd never be

in the humour to thank him for neither. What he design'd, he has Masterly perform'd. And if Love (which begets all the success of the Stage) had fain into his subject, he would have recommended that Passion as engagingly to the Ladies, and drawn it as near their Wishes, as any thing in Picture cou'd do. The Author had his reasons for the choice of this Story; and I have many to convince Me, that he cou'd not have fail'd in any other. You will find it written, to be Envy'd, rather than Excell'd, and in some places, with an Elevation, above the pitch of the Stage. Some things will need your Patronage, but many will deserve it; so the pleasure will recompense the pains of defending them. Sir, I am satisfi'd I shou'd not pretend to guid you, who have so many Lights of your Own, who have not only a thorow insight to Poetry in general, and can try it by its own Laws, but examin it by the rules of other Arts too, for you can discover thro' the Perspective of *Painting* whether the Parts are in Proportion, or no. With these qualifications, and inspir'd with the Soul of Musick too, you must be allow'd a Judge of these performances; as such, in justice to this cause, you are appeal'd to by

Sir,

Your very Humble Servant

Tho. Southerne.

PROLOGUE.

Written by an Unknown Hand; Spoken by Mr. *Horden.*

NEW Plays have been so frequent, all this Season;
We must believe Tau'r tir'd, and you have Reason:
Some, like Rich Timons *Feasts, have pleas'd your palates,*
Others have prov'd, damn'd Apemantus *Sallates,*
What e're has happen'd, or how e're disgrac't,
We hope this night to put Your Mouths in taste;
The Season of the Year our Rival grows,
The Country, and the Park, are constant Foes,
Which to our thoughts, like Blazing Stars appear,
Foretelling our worst Fate, an Empty Theatre,
Empty not only of our Noble Friends,
Whom Love of Wit, or Beauty, hither sends,
But ev'n our Gests o'th' Gallery will leave Us:
The Emperour of the Moon, will now deceave Us.
Nay, which is stranger yet (We hav't forgot.)
The very Masques, will tell you they're not but:
The Poets now Spurring their jaded Brains,
Write not for Summer Lawrels, but Winter gains;
Winter is their Campaign, as well as Ours:
Give us the Profit, be the Pleasure yours.
While thus We sigh, while thus your Absense mourn,
Double our joys with Hastning your Return:
Since we must soon, Wee'll strive to Leave you easy:
Wee'r in no other Plot, but how to Please you.

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mrs. *Verbruggen.*

'TIs sign the Poets young: is this an Age
To teach you rigid Virtue on the Stage?
In good Queen Besses *days 'twas well enuff:*
But now 'tis more Ridiculous than a Ruff.
Knav'ry is grown the Nations Darling Sin,
And tho' a Thousand Forreign Modes comes in,
Yet (like a Shirt) that's still worn next your Skin.
Twas said, the French wou'd fain Invade the Nation,
And here, and there made Mighty Preparation:
'Tis so wise Bad, 'tis hardly Worth their having,
At least the Beaux *wont think it Worth their Saving:*

And

And We shou'd treat him, as an Innovator
Who wastes his brains, in Hopes to make it Better.
Ladys confess the truth, you'd all be Loath
To change your several Teas for Spartan *Broath,*
And shou'd your Lovers be oblig'd to expose
Themselves abroad against their Country's Foes,
The Nation were Undone: there must be some
To make the Money Circulate at home.
Shou'd Spartan *Laws prevail, I'm very certain*
Twou'd ruine many an Honest Gentlemans Fortune.
The Sharpers wou'd be Damnably unwilling
To have an Act to Incourage General stealing.
No, no, that wou'd their Property Invade:
Joynt-Stocks are best to Manage such a Trade.
Let Us be what we are: since 'tis our Curse,
Ne're to have Chang'd but once——but for the worse:
And ev'n then (Nature so much prevails)
For Leeks, and Slavery, we won'd truck Our Quails.
Or else what mean Non-Swearing Pulpit-Praters?
Protestant Popish Plots, and Non-Associaters?
Our honest Spartans *shou'd not show their Faces,*
Where none are Patriots, but for want of Places.

Persons Represented.

Pausanias, *Regent of* Sparta,	Mr. *Verbruggen.*
Argilius *a Noble Youth bred up by* Pausanias.	Mr. *Powell.*
Artabazus, *Embassadour from* Persia.	Mr. *Cibber.*
Polæmon, *one of the* Ephori.	Mr. *Pinkeman.*
Lysander, *Friend to* Argilius.	Mr. *Horden.*

Ephori *and Servants.*

Anchilthea, *Mother to* Pausanias.	Mrs. *Rogers.*
Pandora, *a Persian Lady Mistriss to* Pausanius.	Mrs. *Knight.*
Demetria, *a Rich Spartan Widdow.*	Mrs. *Verbruggen.*
Mawkine, *her Daughter*	Mrs. *Lucas.*

SCENE *Lacedæmon.*

Pauſanius

THE *Betrayer of his Country.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

PAUSANIAS's *Apartment.*

Enter Pauſanias, Argilius.

Arg. WHat ſhall I ſay to him?

Pauſ. He muſt come in.

[Argilius *goes to the door.*

The Officious Fool brings me news from the *Ephori*,
To which Honour I got him this year Elected.
He is my Creature, ſuch tools muſt be had.
He has juſt ſence to find he is of Uſe,
And therefore knows he may be troubleſome:
I muſt have patience.

Enter Polæmon.

Pol. I beg your Graces pardon for diſturbing your retirement.

Pauſ. Oh you are ever welcome dear *Polamon.*

Pol. But my Lord I was with Child till I had given you an account of what has past in our *Senate* just now, we have had huge doings, you know who my Lord, I need not tell you my Lord, his name begins with a *C.* he gets me up and with his wonted gravity, with a pox to him, makes a most tearing Speech against the *Persianites*, no better titles he gave us than Traitors to our Liberty, our Country and our Laws; Laws quoth'a, I thought he'd ne're ha' done with his Laws; he throated you out Laws, Laws Laws for an hour together, I stood up my Lord, and what do mee I, my Lord, but —but wisht the Devil had him, and his Laws, I never had so much of the Laws in my Head in all my life; my head does so sing of his Laws, that I don't know what to do my Lord, I am quite and clean deaf with 'em.

Paus. Well *Polamon* and what then?

Pol. My Lord?

Paus. How did our Friends take it?

Pol. A——Plague of his Laws, I can't hear a word my Lord.

Paus. Eternal blockhead how shall I endure him? [*aside.*

Pol. Why truly my Lord you'l find it a hard matter, he is never to be gain'd over to us my Lord, he is a bitter Enemy to *Persia* and to your Lordship.

Paus. No matter, I fear him not *Polamon.*

Pol. The Laws, did your Lordship say any thing of the Laws?

Paus. I say I fear him not. [*loud.*

Pol. Oh he you fear him not, no hang him, fear him but then my Lord don't think we had nothing to say to this grim Gentleman, we told him he was of the Sect of *Lycurgus*, and would set up a Democracy amongst us, an *Athenian* in his heart, and then rail'd at Democracy, and said 'twas a nasty slovenly Government, and not fit for a Gentleman, and then the most Tyranical Government of all, he had need talk against Tyranny indeed——pray what did your Lordship say?

Paus. Nothing *Polamon* nothing.

Pol. Ay my Lord, as you say, their we were even with his Laws; but then he began to reflect upon you with a side wind methought; by *Juno*'s bedstaff I grew into choler

ler then and ſaid, and ſaid, and ſaid——my Lord——

Pauſ. Ay you did ſo, my Lord *Polamon* I thank you kindly, you have ſpent your ſelf with Zeal, I advize you to go home, and refreſh your ſelf my dear Friend,——and be Crucifi'd. [*aſide.*

Pol. And ſo I will, my Lord, for indeed I am in a very bad way——but my Lord I did what I [*is going*
cou'd to ſerve you, and ſo did ſome body [*& returns.*
elſe that you little think off, for my Lord to tell you the whole thing as it happen'd——

Pauſ. Nay, nay, you are not well: I muſt take care of you: you ſhall go home. [*goes with him towards the door.*

Pau. Impertinence, and buſie Knaves encreaſe the weight
Of all thoſe deeper cares, which load exalted State.
But there's a riſing Pleaſure ſtill in being great.

Argilius *comes to him.*

Argilius, thou art always my retreat
From Crowds, and Fools. I would retire awhile:
Thy Friendſhip be my guarde. Some minutes hence
I muſt confer with thee. *Exit.*

Arg. I will attend——

A knocking, Argilius *goes to the door.*

The Ambaſſadour of *Perſia* by his knocking.

The door open'd, the Ambaſſadour *enters in haſt.*

Amb. Where's the Regent? The Lord *Pauſanias*?

Arg. my Lord, he has commanded [*Stops him.*
None ſhall have admittance farther.

Amb. Prithee, fond Youth, I muſt, and will go in.

Arg. my Lord, you have forgot *Thermopylæ:*
You may have heard *Spartans* can keep a paſs.

Amb. What do you mean.

Arg. To act *Leonidas*,
To learn from him the leſſon of my duty,
To Stand againſt a *Perſian* Army, and
In ſuch a cauſe, Dye in my Poſt like him.

Amb.

Amb. Noble *Argilius* I commend thy truth:
More then a thouſand Tryals I have known.
Arg. Then this might have been ſpared.
Amb. Come, we are Friends.
Here is a pledge, you ſhall accept this triffle,
[*Offers him a Ring.*
A kind forerunner of ſucceeding Love.
Arg. My Lord, I ſerve the Regent out of Love,
And am a *Spartan*, Sir, of Noble Blood,
We *Spartans* ne're take gifts from Forreigners:
If there be found ſuch honeſt Men, that do:
At leaſt I know my duty to my Country.
Amb. Well then I muſt find out ſome other way,
To prove my juſt Eſteem——
My int'reſt with the Regent ſhall be us'd,
To raiſe his kindneſs equal to your merit.
Arg. My Lord, the Regent now comes forth himſelf.

Enter Pauſanias.

Pau. My Lord *Ambaſſadour*,
You have been here ſome time.
Amb. I did not think it long.
I was delighted with the company
Of ſweet *Argilius*: his *Spartan* honeſty,
And wondrous faithful love he bears to you,
Truſt me, deſerve the friendſhip you have for him.
Pau. His *Spartan* honeſty! I like it not;
Pretended Liberty, and lawcy Pride:
There's nothing good that's *Spartan*——
But kind advice, like gently falling ſhowers,
Will waſh a ſtain out of the hardeſt marble:
I hope it will, *Argilius*. By the bright Sun
I love thee, as I ought, and can no more,
Thou One Example of a faithful Friend!
Amb. Emportant buſineſs, and my zeal to ſerve you
Brought me thus early——
Pau. Retire *Argilius*, We muſt be private.
Keep off the buzzing crowd of fawning Raſcalls;
Thoſe teazing Candidates for Places, and Preferment,
Filling the reſtleſs Courts of great Ones,

With

With lies, and feathers, falshood and perfume.

Arg. Wou'd to the Gods I cou'd prevent your ruine,
As sure, as that *Ambassadour* designs it. [*Exit.*

Pau. So, now no more *Ambassadour*, but Friend.
Dear *Artabanus*, tell me, hast thou ought
Receav'd from *Persia*?

Amb. Long live my Master, the great King, and you.
The backward fruit, which you dispair'd to taste,
Behold this moment to perfection brought,
And here's the Sun, that ripens it. [*gives him a Letter.*

Pau. I know well the policy of *Xerxes*,
Deep, Universal, hid in time to come,
With such dexterity perform'd, that all
The lazy Counsels of the World are stunn'd,
Nor can they fend the blow.

Amb. His Letter will inform you. [Pausanias *reads.*

Thus saith King *Xerxes* to *Pausanias*.

As for all thy kindness, and sufferings on my account the benefit is laid up in our house, indelibly registred for ever; my Daughter also is thine, as thou desirest; let neither night nor day, make thee remiss in what thou hast promis'd Me; neither be thou hindred by the expense of Gold, or Silver; I have a hundred thousand Men lye ready at Rhodes, *who wait thy orders to Set sail for* Greece: *with* Artabazus *do boldly Mine, and thine own business, as shall be most fit for the dignity of Us both.*

Amb. What think you now my Lord?

Pau. As One, whom Nature made imperfect,
Whose Mother gave him blind into the World,
Hearing of day, or light, or the bright Sun,
Cannot conceive, but thinks 'tis mockery;
Or that he is in Natures Work-house still,
Conversing with unfinisht beings, like himself:
His faculties, like false Lotteries, most Blanks:
Few his Ideas, dark, and unstampt the rest:
They tell him it indeed, but all his Sense
Just gives him pow'r to feel himself a Man:
If in a moment, the dark curtain drawn,
Darkness is coucht, and light springs all around,

Like him, I ſtand aghaſt, like him admire:
Huſht with enlightned joy my other ſenſes lye,
And I forget to ſpeak.

Amb. Bleſt be the glorious Ruler of the day,
Bleſt the great *Xerxes*, and my Lord *Pauſanias*.
O! be not ſilent, Sir but give your pleas'd
Reſentment way.

Pau. Gods! the Stupendious, goodneſs of the King!
Kind, as he's great! he calls his intreſt, Mine!
And with a hundred thouſand Swords, offers
To make it good. All my misfortunes, all
My former ſufferings are now pleaſures to me,
Since they have giv'n me favour with the King.
O! that I cou'd deſerve ſuch condeſcention!
Ay, there's the point, good *Artabanus*, how
O! tell me, how?

Amb. Sir, you deſerve it all, you are his Friend.

Pau. O! now you flatter me.

Amb. My deareſt Lord, you know your *Artabazus*
Better. He bids me tell you, Sir he has enuff
In having you his Friend, and hopes his actions
Will well perſwade the generous *Pauſanias*
Still to continue ſo.

Pau. He asks my Friendſhip, deſires to make me Great
In both my growing happineſs is ſure:
But to be known his Friend, is to be great.
He asks my friendſhip, he ſhou'd have askt my life:
All that I am, or have, is his. He, he deſires
To make me great, *Xerxes*, that God on Earth!
I ſhoud deſire it, he can make me ſo.
Tell him I'm Guardian to an Infant King,
An Infant too he'll find himſelf in power
When I no more am Regent, a Servant to
The *Ephori*, a King in naught but name,
I wou'd be Lord of the Inheritance,
A King to all the purpoſes of Power,
A King indeed, to every thing, but *Xerxes*.
And unleſs I can make him abſolute
Supream of *Greece*, I wonnot be at all.

Amb. Spoke like your ſelf my Lord.

Pau. But yet, I know not what, methinks I fear

The

The crafty *Ephori* agen may find us out,
And prove too Powerful.

Amb. Pauſanias fear? the trembling *Ephori* will ſcarce
Have time to fear, if you will puſh't in ſuch
A readineſs things are; ſo near the Goal,
You cannot miſs the way, or looſe the Prize.
Diſpatch your orders then, and call the *Perſians* in,
They'l bring ſuch tools with em, will quickly free
Th' impriſon'd Crown, cleanſe every Jewel there,
And burniſh the dim Gold, made cheap, and ſoild
With ſawcy handling of the Populace.
Not the leſt ruſt, leſt ſpeck of liberty
Shall ſcape the file, till bright, and glittering,
The Royal Circles ſet upon your worthy Head.

Pauſ. O you tranſport Me!

Amb. Millions of dazling ſtreams from every ſide
Shall ſhoot, making the ſaviſh *Ephori* firſt behold
The King deſpotick darted in their eyes.

Pauſ. O! what a pleaſure ſuch a day would bring,
To humble *Sparta* with an enrag'd King?

Amb. But two Sweet words ſhall then make all the Law,
——I will——thoſe charming, Royal words——I will.
With reſty Laws, volumnious Statutes, Rights,
Charters, and privileges (duſty heaps
Of thoſe worm-eaten Monuments of pow'r)
Vaſt bonfires ſhall be built——

Pauſ. Like Becons blaze,
To ſhew the coming wrath of Majeſty:
Theſe are fit victims to the Sovereignty.
Xerxes ſhall ſee my Triumphs, and ſhall be
The Lord of humbled *Greece*, and Lord of Me.
O you immortal Powers!

Amb. Riches, and Force will make you great abroad,
As you'l be Idoliz'd, and Fear'd at home.
You'l be as *Jove* himſelf, who reigns above,
Abſolute Lord, and not to be controul'd.
Diſpatch your orders then, and bring the *Perſians* in.

Pauſ. I will be ſuddain——ſtay——I had forgot——
A hundred Thouſand let me pauſe on them. [*aſide.*
The *Spartan* Army being ſent abroad
To War with the *Athenians*,

The

The Friends my Interest can raise at home,
With the assistance of the *Helots*, (whom
Upon their promist Freedom I have gain'd)
Are strength enough to execute the Deed.

Amb. It works, it cannot fail.

Paus. To morrow is the day appointed, for
The general insurrection: then what need
Of *Persians*? they may hinder my more deep designs.
Dear *Artebazus*, I will to *Pandora*,
'Tis very fit she know this mighty news,
She'l bear a joyful part.

Amb. But now, my Lord, the wind sits fair from *Rhodes*.
Consider, Sir, what mischief may produce
Delay in this conjuncture——
Greece waits to call you King of *Sparta* too:
Can you be great too soon?
Then Sir make haste, and bring the *Persians* in.

Paus. She, who has born a share in all my labours,
She, who inspir'd Me first, with love, and zeal
For the great *Xerxes* Royal interest,
Pandora, who has left Luxurious *Persia*,
Contented with hard *Spartan* entertainment,
Advis'd in our most secret Councils,
Must have a share too in our hopes and joy.
To her I must this welcome news impart:
No time is lost, where gratitude is paid.
You meet me there [*retires.*

Ambassadour *alone.*

Amb. What does he mean? 'tis the first time I've fail'd.
I have not study'd thee so long, *Pausanias*,
To be taught cunning by thee at last.
My tool thou hast been, and my tool shalt be.
So the good labouring Hound, with eager chase,
Pursues the Game, his sporting Master eats;
Encourag'd, Prais'd, his youth, and strength he wasts,
Till growing old, and having done his most,
The useless cur is hang'd——
His Mistress is a *Persian*, and our Pensioner,
And which is well, last night she had a Jewel
From me, worth a Province: Cunning she is,
And knows our drift; and now the last stake

Is

Is playing, may prevent Us; first, because
She loves *Pausanias*; then, which I think
May be the stronger with her, she well knows
She parts with her dear profit, if she looses him——
That must be answer'd, and made up to her.
Rich Petticoats, Rich Jewels, Furniture,
And Equipage, don't always come from visible Estates.
I must exert my utmost cunning with her,
Before his business gives him time to see her,
For on this turn depends our whole design.
If I succeed, I have serv'd my Master well.
The *Spartan* Army by this time may be
Well beaten by the *Athenians*; be it so.
Such numbers Landing will be quickly known——
But then We know the *Spartan* temper too,
Lazy in Preparation, and, they think,
To brave to need to be upon their guard.
Their Troops at home, raw, and undisciplin'd,
Ours season'd, and long practis'd in their trade.
Haste, *Artabazus*, haste, the means prepare,
And bring 'em in, to make new Conquests here. [*Exit.*

Pausanias *enters.*

Pau. Now to *Pandora*——I'le stop the *Persian* Army;
What need of strangers, when our Friends can do't?
Pleas'd with my promises, 'tis true, I've had
Some of their *Persian* Gold, employd it too
To serve my own, and not their Interest.
Vain *Xerxes*! think'st thou I'm to toyl for thee?
And only Conquer for a *Spartan* Crown?
No, tho' ruine I design, and rather than fail,
I wou'd call in, and ev'n assist thy arms,
Yet first I'le try to get the spoyl my self.
Greece I design shall fall, and Crown,
With Sovereign Rule my pains alone.
When General of the *Grecian* force, I drove
Almost three hundred thousand *Persians*,
Mardonius slaine, from fam'd *Platea's* fields:
Then I sought glory with my Countrys good.
Now with it's undoing, still I seek for glory.
Honour, that cheats the World, is but a Name:
'Tis waste, and ruin lead the way to Fame. [*Exit.*

The End of the First Act.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Publick Place.

Enter Argilius.

Arg. I Left *Pausanias* in *Pandora's* lodgings,
Where Love alone now does not entertain 'em:
Something of mighty consequence, and ill,
I fear, is hatching. The Minister of Mischief,
Artabazus, is very busie Besides Commanded
By the Regent to withdraw, as I went out,
I heard *Pandora* say, the *Persians*, my Lord,
Are trusty Friends, and I a *Persian*, first
Salute you King——a King!
Is not the Young *Plistarchus* living?
Do's not each man enjoy his property?
Security and Peace reigns thro'out *Sparta*,
Justice and Mercy flowing, from the throne,
And like the Sun, give comfort every where;
What revolution can bring better days?
Pausanias, 'tis Ambition leads thee on
When thou art blindly fall'n into the snare;
Too late thou'lt find thy flattering hopes deceive thee.
I'le to the Princess *Archithea*,
Acquant her with my fears,——
A Mothers Councel with a Mothers love,
May all the Gods assist, and change his Mind.

Enter Lysander.

Lys. My dear *Argilius* good Morrow, I know When you get into this *Piazza*, you are in a Melancholy way.

Arg. You know my Temper *Lysander* and I wonder at your goodness that you can bear with me, you that are all Spirit and Fire, and never knew one minuts care, wou'd I could say as much.

Lys. Why what in the Name of *Pluto* wou'd ye have? You are the Regents favourite, you swim in the Stream of Pro-

Prosperity and all the World courts you, Men and Women, and may if you will enjoy the Charming'st Creature Umph *Pandora*—Umph.

Arg. Not a word of that *Lysander* their's none but you must know it, besides I have told you my Resolution.

Lys. Ay to be inexorable out of a point of Friendship and Gratitude to the Regent; 'tis all Spleen, damn'd spleen, where's Friendship or Gratitude when a fine Woman comes a cross once there's nothing thought of but how to get her, and if you think otherwise you are ungrateful to your self. To quit Friendship in such a Case, were no more than to rifle the Temple and Debauch a pretty Priestress, and that I've done afore now.

Arg. Nay thou art rake-hel enough that's the truth on't, but since you say I have the Spleen so much, pray give me a remedy.

Lys. I cou'd prescribe many, but here's one just now falls in my way, you know my Old cross Father like all other Old fellows, when they cant enjoy no more themselves, grow malicious, and hinder us as much as they can, out of a pretence of making us virtuous and sober, forsooth, and if they can find no other way to Plague us, then they clinch us with a Wife, and that Faith is most commonly plague enough, for I'de fain know any thing so sneaking and foolish a sight, as a young Fellow that has bin Married but half a year?

Arg. What! then I find that's like to be your case you set it off so feelingly.

Lys. No, 'tis not like to be my Case I promise you; by *Jove* I am a *Spartan*, and love Liberty, he that's indifferently easy, is a Fool to thro' Dice, whether he shall be so any longer, or no; 'tis perfect nonsense, I wonder any body can have the face to propose Matrimony to a man, unless 'twere to save him from going to Goal for Debt?

Arg. If all men were of your mind how shou'd we have the World continue?

Lys. Oh——there are people enough in the World, that are fit for nothing else, Fools that will Marry whither ye will or no; all your self admirers too, and your whining Adorers, I wou'd have Marry, I wou'd have all Ugly people to Marry, and get out of sight, that the handsome

some one's may enjoy the World, and one another, my Dear.

Arg. Well——but a great deal of Money with a Wife, will prove a Comfort to a Man, let the worst happen that you can imagine.

Lyf. 'Tis true Money is a sure stake, and I think there's a great deal of reason we shou'd have it, for since the Matrimonial Sea is so Dangerous we ought to insist upon great Insurance, before we Launch into the deep; our Ancestors were Fools, and did'nt know their own worth, Women must have Us, and will have Us, and can't live without Us, no more than they can without sleep, and some of e'm loose a good deal every night about it, wou'd I were with e'm, I'de so rock 'em; then forsooth to keep up the shew of Modesty, for they must not be seen in it for the World, they get a third Party, a go between, a Matrimonial Bawd, (there's abundance of 'em) and they bring you by chance together; the Innocent Virgin knows nothing of the matter, not she; nor is'nt Trickt, and dress out, not she; nor dos'nt Simper, not she; then afterwards you are told a damn'd company of lies about her Fortune, or her good Qualities, and they believe the thing might be brought about, and a thousand little tricks, you know 'em.

Arg. Why dost thou think all this? They must know Chastity and Modesty are the Virtues most admir'd by us Men.

Lyf. Ay the scarcest Commodities are ever the most valu'd: you can't know some things 'till you use them, we are Devilishly impos'd upon sometimes in Merchandizes that are set to Sale; what do you think they Dress themselves out for, with so much Pains and Art? what do you think they take such Care to shew themselves afterwards for, if not for Sale? and if we past by without Cheapning 'em, they'd cry out what do ye Lack Sir.

Arg. Fy, fy, meer railing.

Lyf. What do they Plague me with Matrimony then for? when one's weary of every thing else (as one shall be) then 'tis the time to Marry, ay and to make the best Husband too; to be contented with riding out a mile or two, to take the air, to keep a pack of maingey, stinking Beagles;

to

to visit my Neighbours in their turns, and to lye with one and the same Woman every night soberly, and gingerly, there's the Husband for ye.

Arg. Ha ha ha thou art a rare Philosopher, but what's the remedy for the Spleen, if this ben't one?

Lys. This matrimony has put it out of my head, I was going to tell you my Father will have me marry the rich Widow the Lady *Demetria*'s Daughter, that charming Pearl Miss *Mawkine.*

Arg. Oh——I know 'em, *Hercules!* what a Creature has he found out for you?

Lys. An odious thing indeed. I must go and visit her. Come you shall go along with me.

Arg. I can't now, I have business of consequence, but I'le meet you in the Evening, at *Minerva*'s Temple, and then I may have leasure to laugh with you.

Lys. The Old Lady sets out I assure you, for something, or another, look to your self *Argilius.*

Arg. Well, I dare venture her. *Minerva*'s Temple.

Lys. I wonnot fail to meet you. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Pandora's *Apartment.*

Enter Pausanias, Pandora *follows and stops him by the Robe.*

Pan. Leave me not thus——
Let me not live to see you run such hazards,
By all the tenderness of truest Love,
I do conjure you, by all the Virgin joys I gave you,
When at *Byzantium*'s famous Seige, your Captive,
When midst the sound of War, and heat of Glory
Love too display'd his ensigns, with sighs and Vows,
And winning looks, you turn'd me to your Love,
Byzantium and *Pandora* both were yours, [*weeps.*
Happy and pleas'd, my Chains I bore, thro 'all
Rough seasons, and more rugged Fortunes (unknown
Till then) I follow'd you; Love and *Pausanias*,
Were all to me, and still are so, but Oh
Too much I fear *Pausanias* his has lost,

And poor *Pandora*'s Love, alone remains. [*weeps.*

Pauſ. Why will you add this torment to my Soul?
Or why affect me with Preſaging Tears?
Pandora! 'twill be time enough to weep,
When I miſcarry.——

Pan. Then 'twill be too late.
Think what you are, and what you have to loſe,
Your well got Fame, which ſounds thro' out the World,
If it muſt go, let it be like your ſelf,
With vaſt Deſigns, and thoſe too well concerted;
Then more then giddy chance is on your ſide.
Truſt not *Pauſanias*, truſt not Feeble aid;
The awkward Helots, timerous and Enſlav'd
And all the Party that you can propoſe,
Are but the droſs, and refuſe of the Land;
The beſt are gon to the *Athenian* War,
Shall great *Pauſanias* thus poorly truſt his fate,
No, let a Warlike hoſte of *Perſians*
Give credit to your arms, and make the Conqueſt ſure.

Pauſ. Credit and Conqueſt, follow my Command:
Brave Leaders make brave Men; thoſe that with ſuch
Diſdain you treat, wou'd make you Gawdy *Perſians*
Feel, once again the Force of hardy *Greece*,
Of that no more, *Pandora*, you'r to blame,
Preſs me no farther.——

Pan. My Lord, you ſeem to be diſpleas'd, with Me:
If I have ſaid what Mis-became me
If Paſſion too much Innocent freedom ſhew'd——
Believe that Paſſion only was my fear,
My fear for you and that you ſhou'd forgive.

Pauſ. Stifle that fear, for fear that brings no help,
May bring much harm; truſt me *Pandora*, truſt
My grown experience,
I've weigh'd it well——
Money and Men don't grow like Mettles, whether
We will or no, if we can ſave 'em both
And gain our Ends *Xerxes* and all wiſe Men,
Will praiſe my Conduct, and eſteem my Service:
Therefore the *Perſians* wait, 'till farther orders.

Pan. And therefore wou'd I'de ne're been born-
'Twere better, better I had never known,

ne're

Ne're felt the joys of great *Pauſanias* love,
If I ſhou'd ſay the Gods themſelves, ne're taſted
Diviner bliſs: I think I ſhou'd not boaſt,
A noble Flame you've kindl'd in my Soul,
Fed, with your breath, your looks, your every Grace,
Heroick actions, and your feaſts of love,—
Unenvi'd, and unreliſh'd be the World,
While I, Oh happineſs! enjoying you,
Have more than comes to any mortals ſhare.
I cannot bear it, cannot ſee you loſt,
My artleſs fondneſs, and my mad ring fears,
Are troubleſome, I find you think ſo too,
Yet give me, may be a laſt leave to beg.

Paus. 'Tis fixt, and now once more I take my leave,
Buſineſs of ſeveral kinds muſt be diſpatch'd, [*Embraces him.*

Pan. Stay Sir, yet ſtay, 'till I have finiſh'd mine,
'Twill not be long a doing, and then I'll never
Diſturb you more, I ſee you are reſolv'd, [*Takes his hand.*
(With utmoſt grief, and all the pangs of parting
Souls I find it) to ſeek your Ruine, let me
Once more Embrace the greateſt Man on Earth— [*Embrace.*
What will the World looſe? What ſhall I looſe rather?
Who live not but in you—
Like flowers ſpreading to the riſing Sun.
Beauteous, and gay, while they are warm'd by him,
But when he's gone and the Cold Evening comes,
Clos'd up their wither'd ſweets Decay, and Die——
[*Sinks in his Arms.*

Paus. Ha! She's gone, what hoa there, the woman has
O'recome her Spirits, what hoa who waits?— [*Enter Ser.*
Be ſure you take all neceſſary care——
I'me loath to leave her thus, but I'le avoid
The ſecond grief of parting, and pleaſe her more
Returning with Succeſs—— [*Exit.*

Pan. Away, ſtand off, he's gon, and all my arts,
The Woman, and the Miſtreſs too have fail'd,——
However I have done my part for *Xerxes.*
And *Artabazus* when he knows it muſt
Approve my management; I love *Pauſanias*, or I lov'd him
And I wou'd ſave him, ſave the lovely Youth [once
Argilius, who I know will fall with him——

May

May be he suspects the *Persians*, and he
Has reason, but this present Enterprize
Is Madness, Fury, throwing all away.
Rather than have him lost, I will call in
The *Persians*—*Pythia*, you find out my Lord
Ambassadour—but stay—you may retire—
[*Exeunt Women.*

The *Persians* here, my reign is at an end.
Pausanias runs too fast, and hurrys Me
And my design upon *Argilius*
I'le seise this Night: once more attempt his Love
Before to Morrow a bloody Enterprize:
For after that I must despair to see him.
If I'm unlucky—
Let him unpity'd fall, and his loath'd Life resign,
If I succeed—
I with delight shall think he once at least was Mine. [*Exit.*

The End of the Second Act.

ACT.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Pandora *in her Apartment.*

SONGS. *After which* **Argilius** *enters.*

Sweeter than Roses, or cool Evening's breeze,
On a warm Flowery Shore,
Was the dear Kiß, firſt trembling made me freeze,
Then ſhot like Fire all o're;
What Magick has Victorious love!
For all I touch, or ſee,
Since that dear kiß, I bourly prove,
All, all is Love to me.

DIALOGUE.

Wom. *My Deareſt*
Man. *My Faireſt*
Both. *I Languiſh for thee.*
Wom. *Thy Kindneſs has won me*
Man. *Thy Charms have undone me*
Both. *I we're ſhall be Free.*
Man. *I faint with the Pleaſure I fain wou'd repeat,*
Wom. *Ah why are Love's Raptures ſo ſhort and ſo ſweet?*
Both. *Thus preſſing and kiſſing, freſh Joys we'l purſue,*
And ever be happy, and ever be true.
Wom. *But alas! ſhou'd you Change*
Man. *Ah tell me not ſo,*
Wom. *No never my Deareſt*
Man. *No never my Faireſt*
Both. *No never no no.*

Arg. BEhold me Madam, waiting your Commands.

Pan. Muſt I Command you then to have you here?
Muſt I ſtill ſend for you, *Argilius*?
Where is that welcome Warmth, fruitful of Love,
To bleſs my barren, winter'd, dying hopes?
Why am I ſlighted thus I ſhou'd complain,
But wou'd not willingly complain of You.
Wou'd I had been more Fair, You leſs reſerv'd:
What can I do to gain, and keep your Heart?

Tell me, *Argilius*, and it shall be done.
Tell me my faults, for I can hear ev'n them
From those dear Lips, they shall be mended all:
My Love can Conquer every thing but You:
Cruel *Argilius*! yet, I wonnot think
You will be Cruell, for my being kind.

Arg. Your dazling Beauty, and your wondrous Charms
Are fit for *Jove*, no Goddess half so Fair.
No need of Arguments where proofs are plain;
Witness, the many many Slaves you've made,
Witness, the greatest Man *Pausanias*;
A Conqueror still you Triumph ore his heart,
You he Adores, and with the strictest Love,
You mix your happy Souls——
As you deserve so you enjoy the best
Of Men; how Madam, can you think of me?
My faithfulness to him has born the trial,
And thank the Gods, he ever found me true;
Ah Madam! why then all these pains, to make
A Villain of a Friend?——

Pan. No I wou'd make you mine *Argilius*,

Arg. In me 'twere Sacrilegious rage Indeed,
To violate the Temple of his Love.

Pan. The Temple's meanly serv'd, that has but one,
Poor votary; when a full Chorus shakes the roof
Then then's the best Devotion.

Arg. The Priest alone, has right to Sacrifice,
I with the distant crowd shall humbly Bow.

Pan. Give me no Ceremony, but the Heart.
Oh cruel Youth! averse to Love, and Me!
Too fond of what was never meant for thee;
For thou, wert surely made for Gentler Wars
Change thy fierce mind, and think on softer Love,
Arms are to rugged for thy Pliant Limbs,
For close embraces, let 'em be Exchang'd;
Instead of Noise, and the shrill Trumpets sound,
Let tender Murmuring sighs, divert thy ear;
No fear of Death, but smiles and dying Eyes,
No smarting Wounds but those of bleeding Love,
Which with delight are cured.——

Arg. Ah Madam hold, you know not what you do.

Pan.

Pan. I do have thee hasten to be Happy now:
Neglect no longer the advice of Love,
But scape the pain, which I have born so long,
For love of thee, what Torments have I felt?
What torments do I feel? loaden with cares,
Torn with my Hopes, and Fears, sleep from my Eyes
Is fled, while I restless, dispairing pine
My life away; give me one tender look,
One moments love, and I'le forgive you all.

Arg, O! Help me all ye Powers or I am gone,
A strange forgetfulness comes o're my Soul, [*aside.*
And I can think of nothing else but her.
I know not how, I'me hurry'd on so fast,
Deaf to my reason, Duty pleads in vain.

Pan. Why muses, thus my Life, so thoughtful, why?
You sha'not think, 'tis Love, *Argilius*, Love,
With all the charms of a fair eager Lover,
Invites you to be kind, my panting Breasts
Blown up by Love, like *Neptunes* waves foretell.
A storm of swelling Joy, plunge boldly in,
Within these Arms you can no danger fear,
No Rock, but Scorn, no Shipwrack but Despair.

Arg. Friendship and Love, distract my tortur'd mind,
Such kindling Charms, such Tenderness, such Love,
With thousand Graces, Favours undeserv'd,
Set me on fire, and captivate my Soul.
But then methinks I hear *Pausanias*, betray'd by me,
Cry out, there there he goes,
Th'ungrateful Villian, whom I thought my Friend,
Argilius, only he cou'd so have done.
Shall I consent to wrong this Godlike Man?

Pan. Is't come to this, this hateful Parley then?
I know your thoughts, hence from my sight be gon,
Thou honest Fool, unfit for me, thou hadst
But few hours happiness to taste, and those
Thou hast lost, to morrow thour't no more, then perish
With the *Helots* and *Pausanias*;
No, I'le be reveng'd on him, the cause of this,
And thee; so honourably you shall not fall;
I'le to the *Ephori*, discover all,
And leave you to the Executioner; [*ingoing.*

Arg.

Arg. Hold Madam hold——a woman's hate is fatal; [*aside.*
I find he is engag'd in new designs;
On me alone let your [*to her.*
Resentment fall, O let me expiate
Great *Pausanias* Crimes; Here Madam at your Feet [*kneels.*
Behold your slave let the dire sentence Death,
Nay worse than death, your displeasure, light
On me alone, tell me but how I may
His pardon win, his safety but procure,
I'le merit it, with all that I can think,
Or do, for you.

Pan. I take you at your word, You've sav'd his Life:
And that's an action worthy of a Friend.

Arg. Then I am blest, and now am wholy yours [*Embraces her.*
My Life, my Soul, which way will you dispose
You with all the charms of a fair eager Lover,
Invites you to be kind,

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, the *Persian* Ambassadour.

Pan. Conduct him up——wou'd he were in *Persia*: [*Exit Serv.*
This comes of loosing time.

Arg. He must not see me here, I'le soon return
And then—— [*Exit Arg.*

Pan. And then deceive me if thou can'st.

Enter Ambassadour.

My Lord you'r come very opportunely, I long'd
To see you, tho' I wish, I cou'd
Tell better news, I follow'd your Commands,
Tri'd all you'r Arts, and some too of my own,
To change *Pausanias* mind, but all in vain.
There's a Fatality that urges him,
To ruine, and stops all our good designs.

Amb It must be so: just now I left him where
He told me all; and is in care to know,
How Fair *Pandora* do's; as soon as e're
He told me you were ill, struck with the news,
I hither flew, to satisfy my fears.

And

And thank the Gods, guardians of out *Perſia*,
I find you, Madam, well; you are the light
That guides us in our travels, withdraw your light
And helpleſs we are loſt.——

Pan. I feign'd to ſwoon, at laſt and ſo he left me
I heard him ſay, he quickly would return
With Victory, but 'tis impoſſible, he's loſt,
And with him all the hopes of *Perſia*——

Amb. When ſo much Beauty fails, we muſt expect
The worſt; I found him angry, much diſturb'd,
I doubt our common enemy his Mother the Princeſs
Anchilthea, undermines us.

Pan. The *Spartan* Ladies, are all Politicians,——
All Patroneſſes of the publick weal,
Story is full of 'em, and there ſhe hopes a name;
There let her live, for we were rid of her.

Amb. We both with equal Zeal our Country ſerve;
Tho' I with half the pains, attain my ends,
While bright *Pandora*, her aſſiſtance leades.

Pan. My Lord, my Lord, I have no ſuch Vanity,
I ſhall be happy if by my poor means
I anſwer your deſigns, and ſerve the mighty King.

Amb. *Xerxes* the great, receives your kindneſs right,
Reſolves to honour you, above all Women,
Inform'd by me, of all your beauteous Charms,
Loves you unſeen, deſires your Character,
And when Triumphant he arrives in *Greece*,
Pleas'd with the Charge, and Proud of ſuch a Miſtreſs,
I'le ſoon conduct you to his kind Embrace.

Pan. Diſſembling Knave—— [*aſide.*
My Lord I hear the Regent
Is to have *Xerxes* Daughter, I ſhall be pleas'd
To ſee him grow ſo great, and ſoon retire
Contented from the World, praying for *Xerxes*,
And his great Sons good Fortune——

Amb. I may impart with ſafety what I know;
Theſe are pretended Nuptials Madam; theſe
Are ways of State to gain a preſent point,
You can't believe 'em real——

Pan. No more than the other—— [*aſide.*
My Lord I dive not into turns of State,

I'me only happy to be uſeful here.
What ſhall we do, to get the *Perſians* in?
This riſing will be vainly deſperate.
It will awake the ſleeping *Ephori*,
Put 'em upon their Guard, and ſo prevent
Our hopes; beſides *Pauſanias* meets his Death.
And dear *Argilius* will be loſt with him. *Aſide.*
I have no Patience, oh find out ſome remedy.
Uſe all your cunning, ſtop this mad deſign,
I have done all I can.——

Amb. To change *Pauſanias* is impoſſible,
And I have try'd a ſecond time in vain——
——You have inſpir'd me Madam,
And to your influence I owe the thought,
By the bright Sun I have it——
I'le ſend a Letter to the *Ephori*, unſign'd,
Therein at large I will inform of all,
And that to morrow is the day ſet down.——

Pau. You won't diſcover *Pauſanias*?——

Amb. No, Madam, no, not the leaſt glance at him,
No naming Names. I'le word it cunningly.

Pau. Well, it muſt do.

Amb. It will have this effect:
'Twill make 'em all intent upon this Plot.
So while they're buſie, buſtling here at home,
Our Men may land ſecurely.

Pau. Excellent! our time's but ſhort.

Amb. I'le inſtantly about it. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Publick Place.*

Enter Anchilthea.

Anc. Sparta! thou nobleſt ſeat of Liberty!
Still may'ſt thou be preſerv'd and greater ſtill,
Freed from ſelf Intereſt, and baſe corruption,
From trayterous deſigns of truſted Friends,
And ſlaviſh Principles, yet more dangerous.
Be thou the Ballence ſtill of *Greece* and ſpread
Thy eaſy Conqueſts thro' the *Perſian* ſway:

Thus

Thus it was once, thus, thus is us'd to be,
When with united Hearts, and hands we fought,
And smiling Fortune purpled the Victors way:
But now, alas! distracted heats, and jarring,
Factions, strive hard for thy undoing:
Now who bids most for Liberty, or Country,
Takes the unhappy Purchase. See he comes——
Argilius has rais'd my Jealousie——

Enter Pausanias *Attended by his Party.*

I'le try *Pausanias*, if I find him bent
On ill Designs, my self wou'd see him Perish.
Pau. The best deserver will be sure of that.
Now separate, and so my Friends farewell.

[*They bow, and go out.*

Anchilthea *comes forward.*

Anc. Well met my Son; when saw you the Young King,
My Nephew, good *Plistarchus*? he is well?
Pau. Very well in health Madam,
And still much like his Father.
Anc. I hope he'l prove much like him in his Virtues,
You are his Guardian, Son, and shou'd inform him
Of his Fathers Actions, worthy his Imitation,
Tell him the Great *Leonidas* with Heroick
Fortitude, redeem'd poor *Greece* from *Persian* Slavery,
When with but only three, three Hundred men,—
He stopt their torrent at *Thermopyla*,
Which threatn'd utter Desolation; tell him
His Father then lost his life, but mounted
To the Gods, a glorious Victim for his Country,
Tell him he refus'd the Soveraignty of *Greece*,
Offer'd by *Xerxes*, and chose a Noble
Death, rather than an ignominious Rule,
Tell him what all good Kings shou'd know.
Paus. There want not these to make a *Spartan* King,
His Lesson's written in the Laws, he need
But learn to Read, and then he's taught to Govern.
Anc. Methinks there's more requir'd *Pausanias*,
The Virtues of the Ancients shou'd be shewn,

The

The liberality of *Agamemnon*, Old *Nestors* Eloquence,
Ulisses Arts, and the brave Daring of *Achilles* too.
A King shou'd learn to fill his People's hands,
Study to rob 'em only of their hearts,
That wou'd become a King: and then so wise,
That he should be a Councel to himself.
So Bold and Daring, that while others pause
Upon the Danger he shou'd break thro' it,
And leave them to finish the easie part;
On Justice and Clemency I cou'd much more enlarge,
But this methinks is somewhat more than Spelling.

Paus. The Kings of *Sparta* have all this inspir'd,
The race of *Hercules* are Born with these
Endowments, tho' there are some who are not Kings,
Whom Chance thought fit to send into the World
Out of the reigning Constellation——
Yet have more shining qualities——

Anc. That there are Souls worthy of Scepter'd sway,
I doubt not, I wish all Kings were such, if not,
They are to be the more despis'd, you once
My Son, were one of those great Souls, Oh pleasure
To my thoughts!
With joy unspeakable I heard the News,
And blest the Gods *Sparta* and *Greece* were sav'd,
Sav'd by *Pausanias* my beloved Son,
Then, with what thirst of Glory and revenge
You drove the Invaders hence,——then was a time!
Now *Persian* habits, and Rich *Persian* Wines
Mistresses *Persian*, nay and *Persian* Gold
Woud bring 'em in agen. My Son, my Son,
Your dress, your Manners, Customes, and what most
I fear, your Inclinations to are theirs,
A *Persian* Strumpet, and a *Persian* Spie,
Are dearer to you than the Love of *Sparta*;
Take heed *Pausanias*, keep your self from Plots,
Loose not the Fame you've Got, by base designs,
You know you are suspected to the State,
But former merits Spoke in your behalf,
Throw off these *Persian* Novelties, and rise again
A bright Conductor of the Common-Wealth,
For know, that were they more, your Plots are vain,

For

For *Sparta* like the Rain-bow, will ſhine moſt,
When girt with thickeſt Clouds.——
Pau. Madam the Charge is weighty, that you lay,
And I muſt try to bear it.——
Anc. Very brave! how it becomes
Your Pride! Ay, ay, go on,
Thou ſilly Tool for others Intereſts,
Go on Ambitious, Inſolent, and Proud,
Diſgrace to *Sparta*, and thy Royal Stemm,
If 'gainſt my hopes and cares, thou prov'ſt a Villain,
I with theſe Arms which nur'ſt thee up for good, *Draws a*
Will be the firſt, ſhall dye 'em with thy Blood. *Dagger.*
Pau. Pleaſe to retire Madam I doubt you are not well?
[*Is going.*
Anc. You ſha'not ſcape me ſo, for I will do
My part, O! Witneſs all ye Gods, and the great Manes
Of our Anceſtors, if I wou'd ought, but what
Is great and Glorious,——
Think on the Torments of a Mothers Soul,
Who ſtrives to ſave her only darling Child,
Often forewarn'd to keep within his bounds,
The Giddy headed minds it not, Entic't
By other, and his own deſire to range,
Ventures to far, till miſt, his Mother calls,
And runs and crys in vain, Helpleſs and Breathleſs.
Now ſhe ſee's, the hopefull boy is by a
Tyger ſlain, this, this, is my caſe now. I know
Thy wild deſigns, and wou'd prevent thy fall.
Pau. Madam I muſt admire you for your Vertue
Tho' you Condemn me, on your bare Suſpition,
Have I not given proof of my Love to *Sparta*?
Witneſs what you have ſaid.——
Why then am I accus'd, by reſtleſs humours,
And cauſeleſs jealouſies? if I deſign
It ſhall be how to make my ſelf and her——
Much greater than we are.——
Anc. Son, I have more than fancy for my fears,
I know your meaning, you aim full at Power,
At Power deſpotick, you wou'd be a Tyrant,
And like a Monſter waſte this Fruitful Land,
Then Starve your ſelf, forſaken and abhord.

As in a Moment after the Laſt ſigh,
The Body motionleſs, coulour the Face,
Heat flies the ſtiffining Veins,
The glorious tiſſue ſoon unweaves it ſelf,
And all the Elements which were before
Subjected to the Offices of Life
Now ſnatch their ſeveral parts, fighting on ruins,
'Till there's nothing left; ſo Tyranny
The ſure diſeaſe of States, when e're it ſeizes 'em proves
The People languiſh, and their freedom dies. [mortal,

Pau. Sentence is paſt, and Pleading is in vain,
And now no matter Innocent or not.
Yet e're to morrows Sun reddens the Weſtern Sky
You'le find me clear my ſelf——

Anc. ——Elſe may the Traytor Die. *Exeunt.*

The End of the Third Act.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Garden.

Enter Argilius, Lyſander *with* Demetria, *and* Mawkine *with a Baby.*

Arg. YOU have a very fine Garden here Madam, and very well underſtood, as every thing elſe is about you.

Dem. Oh good Sir I have no fancy at all indeed, if we are but clean, 'tis the moſt we can pretend to; however this little out-let is a convenience in the City, I walk here every morning before dinner, for a little freſh air.

Arg. 'Tis very agreeable Madam and it gives Health and Apperite.

Dem. Oh dear Sir I never want Appetite, I wiſh *Maukine* had as much poor Child, ſhe is ſo over-run with the greenſickneſs, I don't know what to do with her, I make her get up every morning early, when I do, and ſtir about

bout, we were up this morning by nine a clock I proteſt, and were dreſt in two hours time, as you may gueſs by the hanging of our Cloaths.

Lyſ. Nothing can be more exact Madam, I'me in amaze it cou'd be done in ſo ſhort a time, pray Madam don't hurry your ſelf ſo, let me alone to cure my pretty Jewel here.

Dem. Truly *Lyſander* I am a little out of order with it that's the truth on't, but I don't care how I look ſo I do my poor Girl good; but cou'd you cure her think you, umph—I don't know but you might, if you made her ſtir Soundly, a warming Exerciſe is the only way——but ſhe's fit indeed for a Husband, that plays with Babies, have you brought that along with you too? I have told you a hundred times I'de burn it——give me't I ſay.

Maw. O Save me, Save me, I will play with't that I will ſo. [*Runs to* Lyſander.

Dem. How dare you ſay ſuch words, Baggage, ha?

Maw. I won't then, I won't Oh Dear Mother—I will play with it then.

Dem. Indeed Gentlewoman I ſhall order you I ſhall. [*Shakes her by the Arm.*

Maw. O Mother——you've hurt my Iſſue, oh Gods! oh Gods! oh Gods!

Dem. Hold your Tongue you naſty Slut, but I'le throw this away for you. [*Throws out the baby.*

Lyſ. O dear Madam don't be angry with pretty Miſs, poor creature how ſhe Sobs!

Arg. Pray Madam, ſhe'l do ſo no more, I dare promiſe for her, ſhe was only practiſing how to dandle a living Baby of her own. [*They laugh.*

Dem. Oh Sir I'me ſo troubled with her ſometimes, I dont know what in the world to do; yet the Girl has a great deal of good nature in her, and I hope will come off from theſe Childiſh things.

Arg. Ay Madam a good Husband will make her a Woman.

Dem. Some Husbands will go a great way that's the truth on't, I had a good one once, that wou'd have made a Woman of any thing, I am ſure I was very Young and

and Foolish then, but he made a Woman of me presently, while you cou'd say what's this; but I grow old now and must leave that to my Daughter.

Arg. No body wou'd take her for your Daughter Madam, you must call her Sister indeed, so youthful and blooming as you are.

Dem. Oh dear Sir it can't be indeed, O good, I don't know truly——I vow I can't be so vain to think it.——but do you speak seriously now?

Arg. Madam I'le leave the World to Judge;

Dem. No no, I can't believe it, tho' I was young and beauteful once, your Unkle (*Lysander*) and I were very well together, he was a fine man as I may say, for he always kept great Equipage about him, how I lov'd play in those days, there wou'd be such Squabling, such a pother sometimes, and tho' we were out for a little time, yet we were quickly in again, I was never weary of playing——it makes me laugh ha ha ha, and now to have such a fine young Spark as this say such things to me——does really as it were——I don't know how methinks——but it obliges me to you strangely——I'le swear I'me out of Countenance. O *Juno*! what has she put in her Mouth there, Huzzy let it out——by *Venus* a green Apple——Oh this intolerable girl, this is her haste, I am quite weary of my Life with her——'tis to no purpose, all this Charge and Care I have been at to give her Phisick and Openings, the Mischeivous Creature gets her self Stop't again, do what I can. { *Squeezes her mouth out drops an Apple.*

Maw. Why Mother 'twas only a little Apple my Cousen *Merinda* gave me, when we were at play together on the Bed in the Damsen Coulor'd Chamber.

Dem. Ay thou art a Tom-rigs, fy at this Age? it makes me quit wild, Huzzy have you got nothing else in your Pockets?

Maw. No Mother indeed, and indeed now. { Mawkins *Raggling about.*

Dem. I won't believe you, I will see, therefore stand still——look here a great peice of Chalk——a Scrap of Parchmin——a great peice of Allum, ——an Apple Scoop, and a raw Turnip——are not you a lying Girl? speak——a peice of Plaister-lime and hair, meer Poison——are not you a Vexatious Child? speak

——why

——why do you Plague me thus? ſpeak I ſay.

Maw. I won't.

Dem. Come let ſee what's in t'other Pocket——full of Oatmeal——why wou'd'nt this make any Fleſh Mad? but I'le—— *Runs after her* Arg. *Stops her.*

Arg. Hold Madam hold, let me entreat you.

Dem. Oh Sir I am the unfortunat'ſt Woman in *Greece*, ſhe breaks her poor Mothers heart that ſhe does, for me this is the daily Life I have with her or worſe, I have tri'd all the fair means in the World, but it ſignifies nothing, a great Hoiden as ſhe is, you ſhall have a Husband indeed, you ſhall, Ah if *Lyſander* were not your true Lover, and blind to all your faults you might ſtay long enough, e're any other wou'd be troubled with you, Oh I'me paſt Patience.

Maw. Maw, waw here's a rout indeed——but I'le be reveng'd on you for this and that ſoon too.

Lyſ. 'Tis all nothing Madam, theſe little things are incident to Youth, ſhe'l make never the worſe Wife, this is all Innocent, you may thank the Gods ſhe's Virtuous Madam, and that's the Charm that wins my Heart.

Dem. Oh Sir you are a good diſcreet Young man, as you ſay, 'tis a great Comfort to me to think ſhe's Virtuous, all the Miſchief ſhe do's is to her ſelf poor Child, but when you have her, ſhe'l be Wean'd from every thing of this kind, and I hope I ſhall have Comfort in her and hers.

Arg. No doubt on't Madam, ſhe muſt be good that comes from you, ſhe muſt have Beauty, Senſe and Virtue if ſhe's your Ladyſhips Daughter.

Dem. Oh ſweet Sir you oblige me Eternally to you, and when you and I are better Acquainted, I hope you will ſpeak your Mind freely to me, I love Flat and Plain doings Sir, I am for downright dealing.

Lyſ. Your Ladyſhip ſays very true, and I'le promiſe you, you cou'd not meet with a more upright Man than my Friend here, I'le Anſwer for him.

Arg. *Lyſander* has done me great honour Madam in making me known to your Ladyſhip, and I ſhall uſe all the means Poſſible to requit him ſo great a Kindneſs, and

endeavour always to ſhew my ſelf deſerving of the favours I receive.

Dem. Well I vow I can't chooſe but look upon you—— I Dream't laſt Night of juſt ſuch a Face and Perſon,—— well really ones Fancy works very odly when ones aſleep ſometimes——Oh *Juno*! Oh the Gods! ſhe has run a Pin into me *Jove* knows how far——where is ſhe——[Lyſan. *ſteps between 'em*] Nay I will come at her——I'le never forgive it Huzzy——I ſhall meet with you,——

Lyſ. for Heavens ſake Madam be pacifi'd.

Dem. Pray Sir meddle with that which belongs to you, you are no Maſter here. Gods! how it Smarts?

Lyſ. Why ſo outrageous Madam?

Dem. You're a Sawcy Coxcomb Sir, what do you mean? do you know who I am?

Liſ. Yes Madam you han't conceal'd your ſelf at all, I hope you don't think I or my Friend here, have any deſign upon you.

Dem. Why this is intollerable, to be Affronted thus at my own houſe, my Daughter! my Scullion's too good for you.

Lyſ. She may be the better Choice for ought I know.

Dem. Had your Father the wealth of *Perſia*, he nor you ſhou'd ever come within my doors, you have your anſwer Sir.

Liſ. I am Proud you employ me Madam, my Father ſhall have your Meſſage.

Dem. The ſooner the better Sir, there's your way. I ſhall have a reckoning with you Miſtreſs.

[*to* Mawkine *who runs off*] *Exit.*

Arg. O the ſweet Converſation we have had Poor Miſs has brought us both off, but She'l pay for't, come let's be gone.

Lyſ. Nothing ever happen'd better, you have had the diverſion I promis't you, and I have my Liberty ſecur'd, much ſooner, then I expected. I'le tell my Father how ſhe deſpis'd him, I know his temper, 'twill put a certain end to this buſineſs, and then the world's my own again.

Thanks to the Gods our Matrimony's done,
Which ne're begins too late, nor ends too ſoon. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Pauſanias, *and* Ambaſſadour.

Pauſ. Hear you the news my Lord *Ambaſſadour*?
Amb. What news?
Pauſ. Honeſt *Argilius* brings me word,
The Buſineſs of the *Helots* is diſcover'd!
Amb. O the good Gods diſcover'd!
Pauſ. Eternal Death purſue the Villains fears,
Rot, rot the hand, that writ the coward Scrowl;
Wou'd I cou'd know the Secretary——but
I have the means to ſpoyl their blabbing ſtill.
It ſhall be told, but not ſo ſoon as done.
And when the firſt Diſcoverer brings the news,
It ſhall be Conqueſt and Proud *Sparta*'s Fall.
Thus to be Baffled by dull blockheads, thus!
Puzling about, at laſt they've hit it off,
And follow with full cry: I'le lay a trail
Of *Perſian* Game, ſhall draw 'em to the Toyls.
Amb. Come my good Lord be pacify'd: it is
But ſhifting Sail, and ſtill the wind ſits fair:
We are not deſtitute, remember *Rhodes*.
Pauſ. Rage, and Revenge, like fierce impriſon'd Winds,
Hurry my Senſe, and ſhake me, like an Earthquake:
But there will come a time to give 'em vent.
Amb. My Lord, I do beſeech you Calm your mind,
And on freſh Methods let it be employ'd.
So Great your Power, ſo many are Your Friends,
The *Ephori* dare not ſay that you are guilty.
Pauſ. He ſays I was not mention'd in the Paper.
Let 'em ſuſpect me, while they have no proof.
I truſt my Treaſons only with a few.
Let hot Brain'd Fools ſet up their noiſy Clubs,
Caball with Male-contents, and whiſper Secrets,
The very *Forum* will be ſure to know:
Nothing ſo vain, ſo Buoy'd with hopes as they,
Durty and weary Hobbling up and down,
To Spread reports which no Body believes;
Mighty deſigns they Hatch in Speculation,

Not

Not Possible in practise, they wish well
To Treason, and will dip themselves as far,
As any One will trust 'em, but all the
Credit they can do their Cause,
Is when the silly Block-heads Suffer fort.
Amb. Your very right my Lord,
They're only Engins, the Spring is hid
Which gives the Motion, and when
They're once worn out, are thrown aside
My Lord our building needs no Scaffolds now,
One word from you will Raise and Finish it;
Think of your Friends, at *Rhodes*,
The eager Troops lye Languishing
For Summons, when will *Pausanias*, when the
Regent send? why so much time before we
Call him General? why dos'nt *Xerxes* send us
Into *India*; to push our Conquests there, why keep
Us here in Tedious Expectation? himself
Is with 'em raising still their Hopes,
His Confines open to Incursions lie,
Yet he Expects, and Venturs all for you.
Paus. No farther need of Rhetorick *Artabazus*,
Now they shall come, my Friend, my last advise
I will dispatch to *Xerxes* Instamly.
Amb. But I am Cautious in the Messenger
In these suspected times we ought to chuse
Most warily, it will be difficult——
Besides our all depends upon these Letters——
Since we must trust the Secret to one more,
He must be one of tri'd Fidelity——
Pau. Such Men we find are scarce——
Amb. Yet there is One, Faithful *Argilius*.
Paus. *Argilius*.
You know he is a *Spartan* in his Heart.
Amb. That is one Reason why I wish him there.
A *Spartan*! that's an Enemy to you.
Paus. O! hee's my Friend.
Amb. Why let him shew it then:
This way he carrys on your Interest;
And that I'm sure's the business of a Friend.
He must know nothing of the deep contents,
Only convey the Letters to my master.

Paus.

Pau. You know the Meſſengers have ne're return'd,
By our Agreement ſuffering preſent Death.
Amb. Then he will fall with Honour ſerving you.
Pau. He ſav'd my Life at ſam'd *Bizantium*'s Siege——
Amb. And you wou'd there have done as much for him.
Pau. Since that you know how great has been his Love:
And many are the Proofs, this very Hour,
Is Witneſs of his Faith—— What ſuch a Friend!
Amb. There is no Friendſhip, in Affairs of State.
Pau. I grant it——but wee'll think upon another.
Amb. There's not another: You are ſure of him.
Pau. Then I'le Subſcribe his life ſhall be untoucht.
Amb. You may and give him time to ruine Us.
Conſider Sir when he ſhall come to *Rhodus*
And ſee the Mighty preparations there
His zeal for *Sparta*, then preferr'd to You,
(Before the numerous Fleet can yet arrive)
May make him ſend advice, diſcover all.
Pau. Advice! Diſcovery! let the Names be loſt:
They ſignifie a Villain every way.
Emb. Then you will thank his Friendſhip.
Pau. He ſhall Dye.
Friendſhip implys an Equal in the Throne;
A Subject-Paſſion: But Ambition
Fills all the Soul, and Godlike reigns alone

Exeunt.

SCENE III. Pandora's *Apartment*.

Enter Argilius.

Arg. Now I ſhall prove the *Ambaſſadour* a Villain,
I ſaw the letter which diſclos'd the Plot
Oth' *Helots* to the *Ephori*, and know the hand
To be one of his Secretaries; I'me glad
The Deſign's prevented, but I fear 'twill
Bring on a worſe; if *Pauſanias* will hear me
He muſt reſent the Fact.——
Then for *Pandora* here, I'le Feign to love her ſtill
Appoint my Lodgings as the meeting place
Then bring *Pauſanias* to find her Falſhood;

Help me ye Powers, who Watch for *Sparta's* good,
That I may ſave him from their Curſed wiles
Reſtore him to his Country's Intereſt.
With all the Eagerneſs of panting Hearts, [*Enter* Pan.
I come, to bleſs my Eyes, my every ſenſe,
Ages methinks are paſt, and Wracks Iv'e felt,
Since the Ambaſſador did ſend me hence

Pan. Love has a Thouſand Thouſand joys in ſtore
And Coveting is ſtill poſſeſſing more,
A Thouſand Raptures he is pleas'd to give,
And ſhew by Dying what it is to Live.

Arg. Pardon me Madam pardon what is paſt,
Pardon an unexperienc'd Youth, and Love,
I'le ſoon recover what I dully Loſt,
Thus Pleas'd, thus Charm'd, the Rival of the Gods
I'me more than Mortal ſomething more than Man
While thus I hold my Goddeſs in my Arms. [*Embraces her.*

Pan. She's yours *Argilius*, all, ſhe all is yours,
Preſerve your Conqueſt ſtill with kindneſs thus
With Freedom I have often own'd my Love,
Too Powerful to ſtrive againſt, or Hide,
And 'tis my greateſt Pleaſure that you know
What to the World were ſhame.

Arg. This, this I know, the Hours
Shall wait to ſee our Joys, the Nights
Shall linger with delight, as loath to rob us
Of ev'n a Minutes Pleaſure; a week with us
Shall be a Year, an Age, to other Lovers.

Pan. Let us retire, leaſt we be over heard.

Arg. When ſhall I then be Happy?
Let but that be fixt Before I go.

Pan. Muſt you then go Firſt?

Arg. The Regent has Commanded my Attendance,
This Minute he expects me, tell me where, and when.

Pan. You muſt not fail with him, my Lodgings
Are not ſafe, I'le come to yours.

Arg. At Eight my Life I will not fail to meet you,
The doors ſhall be unlockt.

Pan. Agreed, then we will talk again of Love.

Arg. We'll do, as Love and you inſpire, I know
Not how to leave you, what a tedious hour 'twill be,

Wou'd it were come.

Pan. Time now appears our greatest Enemy,
We wish him gon; anon he'l be our Friend,
And we shall wish his stay, 'tis but an hour,
Yet we may take a pledg for meering.

Arg. This, and this, and this—— [*Salute.*

Pan. Nay now you're lavish——

Arg. The store can never, never waste, while you
Still feed desire. Now we will know no bounds,
No regulation in our Pleasures now.

Pan. Curse on the cause that calls you thus away,
Methinks the Regent might not want you, stay:
Prudence is a Fool, in Love; yet Jealosies a Foe
That may pursue us, therefore quickly go,
Absence like sullen night, darkens the joyful day,

Arg. Return, like rising beams, will chace those fogs away.

[*Exeunt severally.*

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Argilius *with Letters.*

HEre's the reward of all my Faithful Service,
Cruel *Pausanias*, how shall I forbear,
To load thee with Defery'd reproches?
Yet still I love thee, and will shew it too,
A hard necessity promotes my Death,
Were I a Villain, this way I shou'd not dye.
Ambition causing Us t'expose our Friends,
Makes me a Victim to unlawful Ends.

Enter Anchilthea.

Anc. Why shou'd he shun me? why withdraw alone?
I will observe him farther—— [*aside.*

Arg. These Letters full of Impious guilt,
I am to bear to *Xerxes*, th'imployment has

Ever

Ever been fatal to the Messengers,
And must be so to me. Sure I might hope,
In things of small import, to have bin spar'd;
Then these contain great, universal Ill,
Where the best Friend, must give the first Example.
Anc. Letters! and *Xerxes*! [*aside.*
Arg. O *Sparta*! I with Joy cou'd loose my Life
To save thee; but horrid destiny, brings with my death
Thy fall; yet I cou'd save 'em both, and with
A just Revenge, defeat the black design,
These, these wou'd do't, thy Life *Pausanias*
Is Safe no longer, then I keep these Conceal'd,
Pausanias Life! no, that is still so dear
I cou'd ev'n wish his Villanies success,
What is the World to me when I am gon?
I Live for him: The Gods must look to *Sparta*,
Then vanish all ye anxious cares, I'le go,
My part I justly in obeying shew.
What makes me thus! unusual trembling seize me! [*Stops.*
And now methinks my Mothers bleeding Ghost
Stands in the passage, and forbids my way,
Calling me Traytor——so, she's, gone ageh——
How can this be? am I a Traytor then?
All, all are so, Villains, and Traytors all,
Who wound their Country's Peace, and drink her Blood,
Who is the common Mother of us all!
Villains, and Traytors all, who see the Sword
At their dear Country's throat, and not disarm,
And Stab its Rage thro' the Oppressors Heart.
Anc. Now is my time——— [*aside.*
Arg. What Torments must they feel in the next World
Who help the Cursed deed? Must I be One?
Curst here thro', a Posterity Enslav'd,
By my means? And doubly damn'd in Hell?
Oh ye Just Gods assist!——
Anc. The Gods by me are ready——— [*Snatches the letters.*
Arg. Oh Heavens! Madam let me intreat, give back
What you have taken, they're Letters to the Mistress
Of my Heart, derected in unusual Names,
Indicted with unusual Terms,
Which were Concerted, to deceive the Jealous.

Anc.

Anc. No Good *Argilius* no, I've heard your Plaint,
And know what I have got, ungrateful Son,
Traytor to every thing, now he is so to you,
Cou'd not such Virtue breed remorse in him?
Unhappy Youth, thy Fortune I deplore,
I know so great's thy Love, thy Care is more,
Yet be advis'd, you my protection have,
I'le keep you safe, while base *Pausanias*,
Finds his deserved Fate.

Arg. O! rather let the Sentence fall on Me.
I own the Letters, all the Practices
Of their Contents: You found 'em in my hands,
I own 'em all. *Pausanias* is abus'd,
And I the guilty Villain fit to Fall.

Anc. Charge not your self unjustly.

Arg. What shall I do? what will he think of Me?
I'le go to him, tell him I have Betray'd him,
Urge him with all my Power to take my Life!
But I'me Unworthy of a Death from Him.
O! spare *Pausanias*: spare my Honour'd Lord: [*Kneels.*
The Seat of Mercy is a Mothers Breast.
You cannot, Oh, you must not see him fall,
Your only Son, the Glory of your Blood,
Think on his Actions past: He's still the same.
The *Ambassadour* alone is here concern'd [*Rises.*
And I will prove it, give me but the time.

Anc. Miraculous Friendship! I wou'd calm his mind
And manage these with the best Arts I can: [*aside.*
I'le send him to *Neptunes* Temple,
There he is safe, *Pausanias* there will meet him,
The *Ephori* shall over-hear 'em then:
That will be proof, I hope if these are not.
You charge the *Ambassadour*, I shall be glad if
You can make it good. [*to him.*
In the mean time, that He may think you gon,
Retire to *Neptunes* Temple, there take Sanctuary,
To save you from his malice when he hears
Himself accus'd, for he is Treach'rous,
And by your Death, may smother Evidence,
And then he leaves my Son to Answer All.

Arg. Madam I go, and If I do not prove

What I have ſaid; Expoſe me to his Rage.
Yet I may ſave my Friend. *Exit.*

Anc. Bleſt be th' immortal Powers that ſent me hither,
Now I have proof which I ſo long have fear'd.
Let me ſee, both to *Xerxes*——This is my Son's,
This hand unknown——My curioſity
Shall be th' excuſe, I'le open this——
Oh 'tis Sign'd *Artabazus*. [*Reads.*

Moſt mighty moſt Illuſtrious, and above all Princes Great and happy Xerxes, *your Slave has with unwearied pains and diligence, purſu'd the matters given him in truſt, and has at laſt prevail'd upon* Pauſanias *to ſend for thy invincible-Army, as ſoon as he ſhall have don what is expected from him, he ſhall ſuffer the ſame fate this Meſſenger muſt, that* Xerxes *may riſe the ſole Soverain of* Greece, *to whom all Nations be Subjected*; Artabazus.

Brave Villain! And thou Fool *Pauſanias*,
Alas! why have I liv'd to ſee thy ruin?
My peaceful Aſhes undiſturb'd had lain,
And in the Grave I had not curſt thy Birth;
Some other then might have perform'd this task,
Which tears a Mothers Soul.
Now I find out why this Solemnity,
Neptune muſt be implor'd with Sacrifice
To bring the *Perſian* Fleet, and Army ſafe;
Can then Religion ſerve ſuch Impious ends!
Nature be gon, here I diſclaim my Blood,
Incorrigible to a Mothers councel,
Often forgiven, ſtill Engag'd in Ill,
A ſpreading Gangreen to his Royal Stem,
And muſt be ſever'd to redeem the whole;
I will aſſert the Glory of his Anceſtors,
Which he thus ſeeks to tarniſh.
Alaſs, in vain ſuch black Deſigns are laid,
Thouſands of Noble Souls defend our *Sparta*,
Unconquer'd Hearts, diſdaining Slaviſh Rule,
And the attempt is ever fatal: O ye Immortal Gods!
Laugh not at humane Miſery, but renew our Hopes,
Let us convince the World you made us free,
And yet uncancel'd ſtands that firſt Decree. *Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE II. Neptune's *Temple.*

Enter High-Prieſt, *a Choir of* Prieſts *follow'd by* Pauſanias.

Solemn MUSICK.

H. Pr. *PRepare, prepare, a Solemn Sacrifice prepare,*
Prepare we to appeaſe,
The powerful God o'th' Seas.
Cho. *Hear, Mighty Neptune hear.*
H. Pr. *Let the Billows ceaſe to roar,*
Smooth and ſilent be the ſhoar,
Save, and conduct our hopes, while we adore.
Cho. *Hear, mighty Neptune hear.*
From Cryſtal Throne adorn'd with Pearl, receive
Our humble Vows, and thy Protection give.
H. Pr. *While bluſtring Winds do thee obey,*
No Storms can e're enrage the Sea,
For gentle lucky gales we Pray.
Cho. *Hear, mighty* Neptune *hear,*
From Cryſtal Throne adorn'd with Pearl, receive
Our humble Vows and thy Protection give.
H. Pr. *Glory attend each filling Sail,*
& 2 Pr. *May Sailors Courage never fail,*
Let the merry Victors go
Deſtroy the treacherous Foe.
Encreaſe our Traſick, and our gain,
On equal Terms, we never fear,
We will be Maſters every where,
And Triumph ore the Main.
Cho. *Encreaſe our Traſick,* &c.

Enter Argilius.

Pau. Ha——withdraw a while. *Exeunt Prieſts.*
Arg. You muſt not wonder Sir to ſee me here,
Believe me true, I never will betray you,
I hope this Accident will give me opportunity,
To ſerve you more than ever——
Pau. I doubt you are too buſy grown *Argilius,*
I thought you wou'd have bin by me Directed,
But you turn Politician.
Arg. May the Great Deity within theſe Walls ador'd.
Purſue me with his utmoſt Wrath, if I

Have

Have fail'd, or did Design to fail your Orders,
Unlucky Chance brought *Anchitbes* to me.
Pau. What? then my Mother has prevail'd with you,
Take heed *Argilius*.
Arg. Going from you with full Intent to haſt
On Shipboard, ſhe came into your Antichamber
Unſeen, and ſnatcht the Letters from my Hands.
Pau. 'Tis Mighty well, go on;
Arg. I Feign'd, beſeech't her to reſtore 'em,
But in Vain, ſhe Threatn'd all that's Dear to me,
Your Life, I profer'd mine, Happy if ſhe
Had tane my Life then I conjur'd her, by
A Mothers name by Pity, ſtill unmov'd:
'Till at the laſt I ſaid the Ambaſſadour
Was guilty, and that I'de prove he onely was
Concern'd; let me, my Lord, charge him alone,
And then you will be free, he and *Pandora*,
Deſign your ruin, that too I can make clear,
Let me my Lord, O let me prove 'em falſe;
By the advice of *Anchitbes*, I here
Took Sanctuary, that I might clear my points
With ſafety. She conſented to this manner.
Pau. This Indefatigable Mother is } *Enter* Ephori
In every Place—I ſhall out-wit her yet— } *come forward*
Without more proof, then this, I cannot fall } *to hearken.*
Some of the *Ephori* I know my Friends——
If they were all my Enemies Declar'd,
I fear 'em not; proceeding, as they muſt,
In Lazy methods, and unactive Forms—
One of my Rank, and Intereſt cannot Want
The means to baffle Juſtice, and delay——
At laſt I have recourſe to Bribery:
And I have paſt a Senſeleſs Life at Court,
If I ſhou'd ask whoſe hands are to be fill'd:
I know my Men, they wonnot fail their Fee:
This way I wou'd not have thee Take,
Thou ever kind and ever Dear *Argilius*.
I have no time to Write, I can truſt Thee,
Proceed with haſt to *Rhodes*, there you'll find *Xerxes*,
Greet him from Me, and tell him all is Ready:
I with impatience ſhall attend his Forces

Be

Be ſpeedy, and be all my Fortune thine.
Arg. I never yet deſputed your Commands,
I go, tho' I cou'd wiſh you had not ſent me.
Yet give me leave once to embrace your Knees,
I know my Fate, and from your mouth 'tis eaſy,
Farewell farewell may you be happy long:
And all your Friends be Faithful found, like Me.
Eph. Where are our Guards?

As he is going the Ephori *with Guards advance,*
Pauſanias *draws his Sword.*

Pauſ. Ha! This from thee diſſembling Traytor——go,
Take thy Reward then. [*Kills* Argilius *then Scapes*
Eph. O horrid Fact! *thro' the Guards.*

Enter Lyſander.

Lyſ. I come to Acquaint your Lordſhips the Princeſs
Anchilthea has been Sav'd by Miracle.
Coming to the Temple thro' the Crouded ſtreets,
The *Perſian* Woman, *Pandora* ſhe is call'd,
Did like a Fury ruſh upon her?
And ſhe as Bravely did Defend her ſelf,
Wreſting the Dagger from the Traytreſs hands,
And plung'd it in the Conquer'd Strumpets Heart.
1. *Eph.* She has met a nobler Fate than ſhe deſerv'd.
She ſhou'd have dy'd with Puplick infamy.
2. *Eph.* Now hope we better daies, and for the *Perſian*,
We will employ our utmoſt force againſt him.
The Ambaſſadour ſhall bear the News,
He muſt depart to Night.
3. *Eph.* We *Spartans* will preſerve Our Freedom ſtill,
And drive their big ſwoln Navy from our Coaſts,
They ſhall once more find Us their Conquerors.
1. *Eph.* *Pauſanias* cannot far eſcape
Already by our order the Guards are doubl'd
At the City Gates.

Enter Anchilthea *to 'em.*

Anc. What! is the Traytor gone! And you my Lords,
Are Satisfi'd? Have you not Proof enough?

For ſhame Rouſe up your Souls: Or are you Brib'd
With *Perſian* Gold? The *Perſians* will be kind,
Kind Maſters when they come: you will deſerve their thanks.
1. *Eph.* Madam you Charge us too Severely here.

Enter Meſſenger.

M. My Lords the Regent's fled to the Temple of *Minerva*.
Anc. Damm up the Temple Gates, there he ſhall ſtarve:
We muſt not violate the Holy Altar,
To dragg him thence: but we may ſhut the doors.
1. *Eph.* *Pauſanias* as he is of Royal Blood,
We with all Tenderneſs regard: but now,
His Treaſon's plain, thanks to the Gods, and You,
Protectreſs of our Country, his Puniſhment
Is juſt, and he ſhall have it. [*She ſees* Argilius *Body*.
Anc. Good Heavens! *Argilius* dead!
1. *Eph.* *Pauſanias* kill'd him, as ſoon as we appear'd.
Anc. The Temple violated! Murderer of his Friend!
Had he met Me, thus he had ſerv'd his Mother.
Ah! pity'd Youth! Pattern of virtuous Faith!
Thou had'ſt been ſafe, had I not ſent thee here.
I did it for the beſt——yet the laſt rights,
Thy Funeral Obſequies I will perform,
My Son forgot, and only Mourn for thee.
Inhumane, Barbarous *Pauſanias*!
But acts like theſe, are Trifles to ſuch Traytors.
The fearful Sinner, trembling at the firſt
New fault, believes himſelf for ever curſt:
Finding no Puniſhment, he ventures in,
Till by degrees he's quite immerg'd in Sin:
His Pleaſure now, which had his Horror bin.
Thus, when with hardened guilt, good Principles are gone,
Millions of blackeſt Crimes urge one another on.

FINIS.